

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. A. Jackson, Publisher. Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at the Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Or.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter. TELEPHONE—MAIN 1178.

Subscription Terms: In Advance. One year, \$10.00; Six months, \$6.00; Three months, \$3.50.

Madame de Staël. The more we know, the better we forgive; who'er feels deeply, feels for all who live.

MAYOR AND COUNCIL.

THE RECENTLY elected city officers enter upon their terms today. The changes are few and probably not of much significance. In the council there will be only four new members, or five including Baker, who had been a member but a short time.

The Journal believes now, as it did during the campaign, that there should be no party politics in conducting the city's business. The two things are incongruous and incompatible.

OREGON AND HARRIMAN.

THE REPORT of the transportation committee of the development convention at Cottage Grove last week is a strong presentation of facts very important to Oregon. Will Mr. Harriman, who is the main object of criticism, give due consideration to the facts set forth? Or will he contemptuously ignore them, and continue to treat the people of this state as if their main purpose in life was to work for him, and Oregon as if it were no more entitled to consideration than a patch of the Sahara desert?

The report of this committee sets forth Oregon's grievances clearly and places the blame for its lack of development where it belongs. It points straight to Mr. Harriman and says: "Thou art the man." But it resorts to no weakening invective and indulges in no pyrotechnic abuse of corporations or railroads in general.

It won't do to say that nearly all of central and southeastern Oregon is a desert, "not worth scrapping over," for we all know better. It will not do to say that labor and money cannot be obtained. We know this isn't so, either.

Mr. Harriman may smile scornfully at these demands, believing that he is all-powerful and the people powerless, but times are changing; this will not be so much longer.

AN UNMATCHED ASSET.

THE PEOPLE of Portland and Oregon live in the midst of an empire of whose possibilities they have but faint conception. Favored conditions crowd around them on every hand. In one industry alone they have an asset of incalculable value. It is an asset unmatched nowhere else. This is in animal husbandry, in which soil, climate and foods contrive to produce the best specimens obtainable.

Standard bred animals introduced into Oregon do not, as happens in many states and countries, lose their breed characteristics. If anything, the dominant traits or characteristics of breed become here more pronounced. A Percheron horse becomes a better Percheron, a Belgian a more pronounced Belgian.

And much the same peculiarly favorable conditions, especially with reference to draft horses, are true of eastern Oregon, where, though smaller than in western Oregon, there is produced the cleanest-limbed, best-hoofed and most powerful and enduring-framed horse in the world. In the belief of experts there is not the slightest doubt that, by reason of her peculiarly favored conditions, Oregon can build up an animal industry that will make her as famous in heavy animals as is Kentucky for speed thoroughbreds.

FORTUNATE PEOPLE.

NOBODY, IN such a state as Oregon, or such a city as Portland, having tolerable health and the necessities of life, ought to be a grumbler, a complainer. We do not mean that no one should criticize anything or anybody, or that people should be completely satisfied and contented with everything and not strive for better things, but persons who have the means of enjoying life pretty well, far better than millions in our own country and hundreds of millions in the world, ought to keep their own comparatively favorable lot in mind, and be cheerful and thankful.

Think of the multitudes of the miserably poor in the great cities during the heated term just beginning, crowded in little, sun-scorched tenements, in the heart of the great city where the air stifles if it does not scorch, where work by day is killing and the rest in the night is unrefreshing, where toll is torture and idleness a torment; think of those helpless millions who can afford none of the means of relief which the poorest of you can enjoy to some extent—who cannot afford

even ice to cool the lukewarm water, nor suitable food, nor trips to the country, nor anything to relieve the torments of the summer heat. And in the long, severe winters these people that are sweltering and stifling now are shivering and freezing. To most of us the greater part of summer is a delight, the winter scarcely if at all uncomfortable; few there are whom poverty pinches severely; the evergreen hills are in sight, the country lies near at hand, the pure air from mountain and sea sweeps in continually, plenty abounds and suffering from climate or for the actual necessities of life is almost unknown. Should you not, even if poor, be cheerful and thankful?

Remember that nobody gets everything he would like to have in this life. Those whom you think have everything that heart could desire are not yet satisfied; they still want more, or something else; they may be as discontented as you are. Or, if not, instead of looking up with envy, look down on those vast multitudes below you in point of comfort-making circumstances, and in very shame cease complaining of your lot.

Your hearts, in this bounteous, beautiful land, in this city where necessities and ordinary comforts are so easily obtained and so almost universally enjoyed, should be overflowing daily with thankfulness—not mixed with the prideful thought that you are better than these less fortunate people or are the pets of Providence on account of any particular merits of yours above theirs, but that chance or choice has cast your lines of life in pleasanter places than those of so many of your fellow mortals who go groping, stumbling and staggering through this mysterious "vale of tears."

NEED OF A PARCELS POST.

SUCH INCIDENTS as that of the Adams Express company dividing up \$24,000,000 among its stockholders is likely to aid the movement for a parcels post, as it should. Congress would have passed a parcels post law long ago except for the influence of the express companies, which, along with other corporations, many members of congress serve, rather than the people at large. The creation of a parcels post system should not be the only step taken to curb the rapacity of the express companies, but the interstate commerce commission, having authority to do so, should investigate the charges of these companies, and reduce them when exorbitant, as they are in a great many if not nearly all cases.

SHIFTING THE ISSUE.

THE Spokane Spokesman-Review, quoting an instance of low water rates to Portland from Ohio mentioned by The Journal, complains that The Journal "does not see that testimony of this sort goes to prove the justice of Spokane's contention," and continues: "If merchandise can be shipped by rail from an interior state like Ohio to the Atlantic seaport, rebanded there and put on a ship and then be carried by water around Cape Horn to Portland at rates which are one half the transcontinental (terminal) rates, what stronger proof could be presented that the Spokane rates from Chicago and Missouri river points are excessive?" It is amazing that the men who managed Portland's fight against the inland empire before the interstate commerce commission were so stupid as to pile up facts like these thinking they were arguments against Spokane and the inland empire, when, as a matter of fact, they were powerful arguments against the existing high and extortionate rates from the east to the inland empire.

It looks to us as if it is the Spokane paper that "does not see," for whatever the railroad attorneys may have been attempting to show, or refute, Portland has made no attempt to deny that rates from Chicago and Missouri river points to Spokane are too high. Nor has Portland made any "fight against the inland empire" in its efforts to get lower rates, if that is what it is after. Portland is perfectly willing and would be glad to see these rates reduced, but what it contends for is the differential to which its position as a seaport entitles it. This question the Spokane paper in its criticism entirely ignores, and yet that was the bone of contention in all the proceedings, so far as coast cities were concerned.

Governor Cummins of Iowa thinks President Roosevelt is the only man who can as president carry out his policies. Won't this plea be as strong in 1912 as in 1908? And if Roosevelt is the only man in America fit for president mustn't we keep him there for life? And when he dies what will the country do? Perhaps Archie or Kermit will be old enough then.

Either Orchard told a lot of lies to make himself out a greater criminal than he is, if possible, or else some other witnesses are lying in order to prove him a liar. The jury will have to decide whether it can believe any of them, and to what extent.

This is the week when the great Declaration is read in 100,000 places, and the liberty bells ring out and young America gets noisy. "The Fourth" is the great day of a great country.

The Rockefeller horse may be led to the Chicago judicial watering trough, but to make him drink, otherwise testify and tell all he knows, is another matter.

The liquor dealers are wise if they have concluded to go out of politics as an organization. The rest of the people won't stand for their dictation in public affairs.

No private concern would allow its business to get months behind and great numbers of people to be kept waiting as Uncle Sam does at the Roseburg land office.

Letters From the People

Appreciates The Journal's Stand.

Albany, June 23.—To the Editor of The Journal—I know that in your last editorial encouraging the new endowment fund for Albany college you were not moved by any favoritism or preference for Albany college, and so I can not write to thank you for the favor you did this institution by that editorial. But this institution like our own that do not have either the size or the equipment of the entire state. The friends of this college have very much appreciated the support of The Journal in this matter, as well as in many other matters referring to the institutions of the state.

What is a Democrat?

Astoria, June 28.—To the Editor of The Journal—The Oregonian seems to be very exuberant in their verbosity as to the meaning of "What is a Democrat?" at this time. A political office in Portland and Salem which the Republicans have failed to conquer.

Women's Work.

From the Pacific Outlook. Notwithstanding the increasing diversity of employments for women, diversity of service still remains the most important factor in their work in which they are engaged. Of the 4,833,690 women in continental United States reported as engaged in gainful occupations at the time of the recent census, 1,124,388, or almost one fourth of the total number, were returned as doing this occupation for wages or salary. Moreover, it appears that for the next most important occupation for women is that of farm laborer, and that the number of women reported as following this occupation was 466,405, or almost half a million. The percentage of the figures will be better understood if it is pointed out that 442,006 or 94.8 per cent of the female farm laborers were reported from the southern states, and that 361,804 or 79.5 per cent of the total number were of the negro race. Moreover, it appears that 727, or 60.9 per cent of the total number, were members of the farmers' families, representing the wives and grown-up daughters of the farmer, or of the home farms. Next to these two leading occupations come four occupations that are of numerical importance, though widely scattered in character. They are the occupations of dressmaker, laundress, teacher and nurse. The number of dressmakers—328,144 women and the smallest—that of farmer—employed 307,706. Of teachers there were 327,205; of laundresses, 328,285.

Do We Worry Too Much?

From the Pacific Outlook. Captain Tanaka, who has made fame for himself as a female impersonator, Tameoto Kuroki while on his tour of the United States, was asked what he thinks of America and his irrelevant answer was: "Your women have too much power!" This was followed by a brief dialogue, which was reported in a recent issue of the New York Times, and which reads: "Do you not believe, then, that women should have liberty?" "Yes, liberty, not power." "Do you think it would be better for the country if the women were less in evidence?" "Not less in evidence; less in power." "You mean socially or politically?" "In every way. They have too much power. Men can't do good work when they are worrying about women all the time." "This purely oriental view is, of course, natural to the subject of the talk, but it is not worthy of a discussion that the Japanese nation has copied more from the 'men who can't do good work than from any other people in the world.' But it had been before the 'worrying about women all the time' perhaps the United States might have been a better example to the nations of the earth. This thought is temporarily distressing but it will not have the effect of subordinating the American woman.

A Definition.

From the Bohemian. Introspection consists of looking at yourself from a purely impersonal point of view, but it is not worthy of a definition if you have any. You must also, that your astral color matches that of your friends, or is at least harmoniously contrasted; otherwise the continuity of your self-analysis will go all to smash. You know, and splutter with the wall paper. I never saw an astral color, neither did you, but we've all got 'em—yes, indeed!

What Is Prosperity, Mr. Taft?

Why Should It End Now in This Country? Is the Country Exhausted?

By Arthur Brisbane. Mr. Taft, who may be president of the United States, in spite of a dull mind and a poor record, tells the world that prosperity in America "must expect a check." He warns his fellow citizens that they cannot reasonably expect these prosperous times to go on indefinitely.

If Mr. Taft were the only man talking in this way it wouldn't matter much. But other men, some of them more intelligent than Mr. Taft, talk in the same fashion. "They warn business men of smaller wages. They preach disaster and hard times. Why do they do it?"

They do it for one of two reasons. If they talk about the prosperity of the future who makes falling off? If they talk about the prosperity of the present who is willing to admit that there may be a check to such prosperity, and we hope that there will be. If they talk about the prosperity of the future, will come to that kind of prosperity.

But that is not what the people want. They want the prosperity of the present. They want the prosperity of the present. They want the prosperity of the present. They want the prosperity of the present.

There is absolutely nothing to indicate hard times in the United States, unless you be afraid that comes from revolutions of government at the top of the earth why the United States should fall to be more and more prosperous as time goes by?

We have some millions of bushels of potatoes and wheat and corn and oats as part of our prosperity. Is there any reason why we should not have a potato crop? Have we not throughout this country millions upon millions of acres of land waiting only to be cultivated? There is no lack of land, even around the big cities, uncultivated?

The country needs iron and steel and coal and gold and silver and copper. Is there any sign of exhausting that kind of wealth? Are not the mines under the ground richer than those already worked? Can we see any end to the nation's resources, or any prospect of a lack of any of our prosperity from the point of view of our metallic or agricultural wealth?

The prosperity of the nation demands the prosperity of the individual. The kind of prosperity that this nation has enjoyed and that it will continue to enjoy is the prosperity of good workmen, ship combined with brains. Just as much as we need wealth from the fields we need it from the mines. Wealth comes from the human brain.

This kind of wealth the public schools are pouring out every year. The schools in the west found a country ripe for developing the right kind of American citizens, capable of doing the thinking and the planning and the developing.

The Pure Food Law

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Copyright, 1907, by American Journal-Examiner) The pure food law is the best thing which has happened in many years. Yet because it has "injured business" for the time there is talk of letting it become law in application.

For the first time in my life, since the passage of the pure food law, I have tasted real maple sugar syrup. The taste was a revelation. Heretofore, melted brown sugar, such as is sold at a few cents a pound in country stores, has formed the larger part of maple sugar labeled "pure," from various farms of "Honest New England" dealers.

There was nothing poisonous in the sugar, but the question naturally arises why should we pay a fancy price for a label that means nothing? Why should we pay for our own tables at one tenth the cost? If the maple sugar industry cannot stand the pure food law, why should it be abandoned, and some other line of business pursued?

A man of my acquaintance traveling in the west found a thriving industry in a certain fine white gravel, which was shipped to large flour mills of the land. Most of the cheap brands of wheat flour composed of a godly per cent of this gravel.

No doubt the gravel "industry" has suffered by the pure food law. But if the grape and other methods of adulteration of their wines has been a blow to their business, are we to imagine a stringent wine law, and the municipal authorities of their towns are refusing to act in every public office until such a law is enacted.

The opposition naturally comes from the adulterators whose "industry" is threatened. But the French vinegrower has more perspective of what means ultimate prosperity for a country than the American citizens who talk of the injury to business through the pure food law. As well talk of the injury to the human system, which gives up drugs and stimulants, and depends upon Nature's law for its ultimate health.

Long ago a wise man said, "Honesty is the best policy." And that applies to honest foods and drinks, as well as to other matters.

Today in History.

1764—William Conyngnam, Lord Plunket, who prosecuted Robert Emmet, born. Died 1854. 1806—Cortez mined in the United States at Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania. 1809—King Louis of Holland abdicated. 1811—Spain agreed to sell Florida to the United States. 1842—Last fatal duel fought in England. 1861—Steel guns first manufactured at Trenton, New Jersey. 1874—Charley Ross Abducted from his father's home at Germantown, Pennsylvania. 1880—Statue of Thomas A. Hendricks unveiled at Indianapolis. On the occasion of the commander's wrecked on the Irish coast, near Cork. 1892—The South Carolina liquor dispensary law took effect. In 1893—Dr. W. H. Manning, wife-murderer, electrocuted at Sing Sing, New York. 1895—Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," died. Born June 14, 1812. 1898—Battle of El Caney (Spanish-American war).

Fate of a Prince Albert.

From the Boston Herald. When Commander Peary went on his first trip in search of the pole he won the gratitude of an Esquimau by presenting him with an ancient Prince Albert coat and an extensively creased sombrero. Years afterward, when again in the north, the explorer received a ceremonial visit from a native, and to his surprise, set eyes once more on the discarded vestments. On the occasion of the commander's latest dash for the pole the Esquimau took him aside and pointed to a rude maul. By its side stood the discarded sledge. The Esquimau had been strangled to make an appropriate funeral. On the pile of stones lay what was left of a Prince Albert coat and the sombrero.

Small Change

Fine weather also for needs. July brides, after all, will be "just as good." But cut out the giant crackers and "chasers." Fling forth Old Glory, everybody, to the Oregon breeze. Every man's world is of a size in proportion to himself. Magorden, hanged at Salem Friday, had a gun and used it. But some fools and their money are parted only by death. Now the cry for harvest help will resound through the land. An able-bodied, idle man in the country should get no favors. The divorce mills are grinding out altogether too large grists. Some people would kick if provided with free bread, beer and beds. Probably Judge Frazer regards the Pentecost as unconstitutional. People who want a quiet Fourth of July should go far out in the country. Young America needs no encouragement to make a joyful noise on the Fourth. Annapolis would be blackballed at a taxodgers' club these days as too foolish-honest. Nobody in Oregon is going to become excitedly wrathful at the umbrella trust this time of year. Still the increase of Portland bank clearings continues the greatest of any city in the country. The Portland Rose Fiesta will be heard of and talked about throughout the country yearly hereafter. This is the season for pitching into the coal trust. Next winter the ice trust will come in for notice. It is said the Japanese are gradually increasing in size. They would be unless they want to become nearly all head. Looks like a 60,000,000 wheat crop in the Pacific northwest and a big price for that. Who pities the wheat farmer now? If wheat keeps up to a dollar in Chicago this fall the farmers east of the mountains can tour all Europe in automobiles if they choose. It is about time to hear from Professor Day with regard to Judge Landis' ruling as to Rockefeller. The judge may expect a brown roasting by the professor. Oregon Sidelights

Oregon Sidelights

"Chuck the moss" sentimentally if slantly, says the historian. A steamer will supplant the stage between Klamath Falls and Keno. A Salem person advertised for a lost umbrella; money wasted, of course. Capitalists are preparing to develop a rich copper deposit near Canyonville, in Douglas county. Astoria people are moving to get a good automobile road all the way between that city and Portland. It is said that over at Newport the cottages are already filled, and that it is impossible to lease one anywhere for the summer. A Wyoming man bought 5,000 head of sheep against Mitchell, but sold them in the same neighborhood last week, cleaning up \$10,000. W. S. Gilliam of Walla Walla, 73 years old, visited Corvallis, the first house of which city he built 60 years ago. He had not been there before for 50 years. He is a native of Oregon, sheriff of Polk county and a noted Indian-fighter. Residents of Albany are great meat eaters, says the Herald. Every day more than two and a half tons of meat, valued at over \$200, are consumed by the 5,000 inhabitants of that city and a week it is estimated nearly 16 tons of meat are devoured. A Little Sherman county boy struck out through a grain field the other morning and when found returned to his home his mama asked where he was going, to which he replied: "I was going to Mt. Hood." He was going in the right direction and taking the shortest route. Men said that when a condensed milk factory was first proposed that three weren't a thousand cows around Albany to furnish milk for a factory. A canvasser revealed the fact that about four times as many as any other city are now and twice as many later, says the Democrat. Astoria Budget: The farmers of the Nehalem valley are entitled to a great deal of credit for the steps they are taking to improve the breed of their horses and cattle. There is no reason why Clatsop county should not within the next few years attain the name of being the greatest stockraising district of the state. Scio News: There is no doubt but Scio some day will be made to grow and flourish in spite of our lethargy. Yet we can materially hasten the day if we show a disposition to meet Madame Progress half way. Located as we are in the very best dairy section of the state, and adjacent to the largest and best timber country in Oregon, we are simply idly wasting our time and opportunity by waiting, Micawber like, for something to turn up. "An East Side Bank for East Side People." Not What You Earn But what you save is the important consideration. Many young men who are earning \$10 a month are carrying away \$500 a year. Located as we are in the very best dairy section of the state, and adjacent to the largest and best timber country in Oregon, we are simply idly wasting our time and opportunity by waiting, Micawber like, for something to turn up. Every person should save a part of his earnings. If you can save no more than \$1 each month, save something. We invite savings accounts of \$1 and up from men, women and children of all walks of life, whether they live in Portland or not. We pay interest at the rate of 4 per cent and afford the safest possible place for keeping your funds. Commercial Savings Bank. KNOTT AND WILLIAMS, AVENUE. GEORGE W. BATES, President. J. B. BIRREL, Cashier.